



Yummy, Happy, Good Time

Soup

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Humor, Magic, Retold Fairy Tales

There was, once upon a time and long ago, a girl called Mabel who had a mother called Mabel but that was pretty confusing so most people just called them Mabel and Mom (Mom being the mother Mabel and Mabel being the other Mabel. Is that clear? No? Too bad, cuz we've got a story to do so we're moving on).

Now Mabel and Mom were happy as happiness goes, but they were poor. So ever so much very much poor that they sometimes had very little to eat. Luckily, Mom had a very special skill: Making collectible figurines. She made Civil War chess sets, dolls of popular personalities of the day, and those cute, big-eyed babies who make you go "awwww!"

So it was that one day Mabel was walking through the woods to try and sell some of her Mom's figurines at the market when a strange old lady jumped out at her from behind a tree and said, "HOWDY!" She was so surprised that she dropped the box of figurines, all of which shattered into four thousand and sixty-six pieces on the ground.

"Oh, sorry about that," said the old lady. "Didn't mean to scare you."

"Oh no!" said Mabel. "All of the collectible figurines my Mom made have broken!"

"Not all of them. This one is still in tact." The old lady picked up the one unbroken figurine, looked at its big

eyes, went “awwww!” and said, “Tell you what, just so that there’s no hard feelings, I’ll buy this one from you right now.”

“That’s nice of you, but it won’t be enough. We won’t be able to buy food with \$4.99 plus taxes.”

“Hmmm, I see what you mean. How about this: instead of money, I’ll trade you something very useful. Lemme see, what have I got that will be...ah! I know!” and from a surprisingly deep pocket in her coat, the old lady pulled out...a food processor. “But not just any food processor,” she said, “it’s a magic food processor and it makes the most delicious food in the whole wide world: Yummy Happy Good Time Soup!”

“Yummy Happy Good Time Soup?”

“That’s right. Here, lemme show ya!” Here the old lady took out a bowl from the same pocket and put it under the dispenser of the food processor and said, “Yummy Happy Good Time Soup/Keep on cookin’ till you’re pooped!” And just like that, the little gears inside the food processor started turning and out from the dispenser poured thick, creamy soup. The best Mabel had ever tasted. It kept on pouring out soup until the old lady said, “Yummy Happy Good Time Soup/One more bite and my tummy will droop!”

“Now Mom and I will have plenty of food forever and ever! Thank you so much, miss...sorry, what was your name?”

“Oh, shucks! I’m just a crazy old witch who lives in the woods, but you can call me Mabel.”

“Hey, that’s my name, too! And my Mom’s!”

“Well, what a small world this is. You’d almost think it was some kind of fairy tale. Well, so long!” and she left just as oddly and mysteriously as she had appeared.

Mom was surprised when Mabel came home so soon, but then she showed her the wonderful, magical food processor the old lady had given her. She got out two bowls and said “Yummy Happy Good Time Soup/Keep on cookin’ till you’re pooped!” And just as before the bowls filled with the delicious soup and would have kept going if Mabel hadn’t said “Yummy Happy Good Time Soup/One More bite and my tummy will droop!” at which point it obediently stopped producing soup.

So, from that day on, Mabel and Mom had plenty of food and would never go hungry again.

About a year went by and Mabel got to that age where young girls like to go out at night. One night she was on a date and Mom was home alone and felt a little hungry. Now, normally Mabel used the magical food processor, and Mom had never tried it by herself. But she figured she'd heard it enough times to know how the rhyme went...or so she thought.

“Super yummy happy soup...no, that's not right. It's Happy Yummy Gooney...Ooey Gooney Creepy Cooky...Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie...Er...Yummy Happy Good Time Soup/Kepp on cookin' till you're pooped! I got it!”

Yes, she sure did. And the food processor began to dispense its wonderful soup. And once Mom's bowl was full, she tried to say the rhyme to make it stop but by now had forgotten the words again! As she tried every combination of silly words she could think of, the food processor just kept dispensing soup. It overflowed the bowl and poured onto the table. Then it went over the table and onto the floor. Soon it was pooling on the floor. And before she knew it, Mom was standing on the table which had become an island in a lake of soup!

Before too much longer, Mabel came home from her date and opened the front door of her house, at which point the soup burst through the door and into the street! It surrounded the entire house like a moat before Mabel was able to get to the food processor and say “Yummy Happy Good Time Soup/One more bite and my tummy will droop!” and just as quickly as it had begun, it stopped dispensing soup.

Well, the bad news was that their house was pretty much ruined by now. The good news is that the old lady witch Mabel had put a phone number on the back of the food processor which said, “Questions, comments or concerns? Please call!” So Mabel called the number.

“Crazy Old Witch Products. Mabel speaking.”

“Mabel? It's Mabel.”

“Oh, hi Mabel! How's Mabel?”

“Mabel’s fine, Mabel. Listen, about that food processor?” She explained the situation and asked if there was anything Mabel (the witch) could do to help Mabel (the girl).

“Oh, yes, that can happen. Not everyone can remember the words, you know. Maybe I should have printed them on the food processor instead of this hotline, huh? Well, don’t worry about a thing. A certified representative of Crazy Old Witch Products will be dispatched to your address at once.” And then she hung up.

“HOWDY!” she said when she arrived at Mabel and Mom’s house two seconds later. “Let’s get this fixed up, shall we?” and with a wave of her magic shoe (she had misplaced her wand, but had made her left shoe magic in case of just such an emergency) the house was fixed and the soup was gone...all but three bowls anyway so the three Mabels could have supper together.

And so, for no reason at all that I can think of at the moment, Mabel, Mabel and even Mabel lived happily ever after.

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